

The Omen



Volume 56, Issue 7

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Ida:

*it's wild in here gang no way am i gonna name
and label every one of these guys just go to
page 27 and keep on flipping you'll have a
great time i swear anyway we love you ida
happy birthday*

Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Leo: I'm abstinence only
Sean: I don't have the strength
Nicholas: Shockwave Attack
Juliana: To assert dominance
Jay: Solidarity
Ronan: [no response]
Helena: Cuz I have a better ass, obviously
Rebecca: [no response]
Ida: *slaps butt* I don't know
Peter: Because I got confused

Front & Back Cover:

Ida Kao (against their will)

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo's mailbox (1593), or Jay's mailbox (0370).

Policy

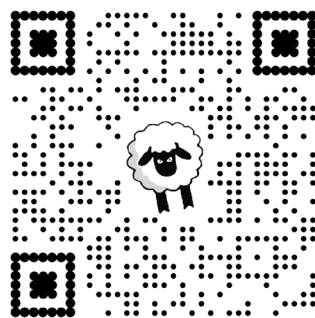
The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Friday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!

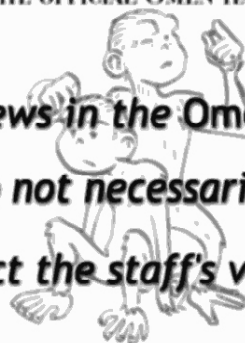


THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



EDITORIAL

AU REAR-VOIR

by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

Welp ̸_(_)/̸ We made it. We can't say we understand how or why, but our first year at Hampshire College is mere days away from its end. It's as exciting as it is deeply fucked up.

Standing at the precipice of the end of the year, we'd love to say we're reflecting on how much we've learned, on how much we've grown, on what's next in store. In truth, it's been hard to think about much of anything other than what we're about to lose. You might say, "Hey, don't be so pessimistic." We say to you, "Bro. Ida's literally fucking graduating."

For those of you who don't know Ida: *how?* They're everywhere. You can find them at the Bridge. You can find them under rocks and up in trees. You can find them wherever food is freely given. Ida's everywhere, but they're also in exactly one place all of the time: The Omen Office.

Ida's the previous editor of The Omen, you see, but that past-tense title doesn't quite cover the profundity of their relationship with Hampshire's most [adjective] rag. Ida spent most of their time at Hampshire living and breathing The Omen, despite the health warnings on the back of the box. They learned all there was to learn about the huge, old beast, and loved it despite its *everything*. This made them, dare we say, the most passionate, persistent, and powerful Omen editor in Hampshire history. They spent years running the club practically single-handedly until Fall of 2021, when a matter of intergalactic significance that we legally cannot elaborate on forced Ida to name us as their successors. Even removed from their nominal responsibility toward The Omen, Ida never stopped paying attention, never stopped caring. It frightened us at times, but it inspired us too. We understand now that Ida's love for The Omen—despite its everything—makes it less of a club and more like a home to them. They haven't just been living with The Omen, they've been living *in* it. Sometimes literally.

Whenever you walk into The Omen Office, no matter what time of day, no matter what nefarious purpose you seek to fulfill within, God rolls a twenty-sided die. On a roll of thirteen or higher, you will see Ida, usually on the couch, sometimes conscious. On a roll of twelve or lower, you won't see them, but make no mistake; Ida's so small as to be barely corporeal. Your inability to see them proves nothing.

Ida may be small, but their brain houses enough thoughts to fill this horse. Contrary to what you may have heard, most of these thoughts concern butts. Not asses, nor rumps, nor even posteriors. Butts. Don't take these butt-thoughts as any indication that Ida finds butts "attractive." The visual appeal of butts is something Ida only ever acknowledges as a sort of rumorously urban legend. Ida's interest in butts represents the rare intersection of a scientist's insatiable curiosity and child's gleeful toilet humor. Ida has a sharp eye for injustice and logical fallacies, but they have the sharpest eye for butts. If anything even vaguely resembling human or animal hind quarters enters Ida's line of sight, they'll exclaim with index finger extended, "That's a butt!" After that, it's no use arguing. "A butt's a butt," they'll say, probably, and they'll be right. If you ever suspect that an object, location, or creature contains a hidden butt, show it to Ida, and they'll clear things up.



These most curious qualities of Ida's can best be summarized by an incident which occurred last Friday during our final layout meeting of the S22 semester. Ida had spent the previous week investigating reports that certain individuals find pleasure in spanking themselves in the middle of sexual recreation. Ida was determined to uncover why anyone would willingly perform so paradoxical an act, but their interviews and polls had turned up nothing. Ida vented their frustration at layout. The conversation escalated, as it always does, until everyone in the room was struck as if by a bowling ball with the realization that this research project was going nowhere without an experiment. All eyes turned to Ida as their arm extended backward, their palm outstretched. Shrieks of protest and hilarity set the air on fire. The little hand dropped. A soft pap pierced the caterwauling.

When the air calmed, we learned that the results had come back inconclusive. We were no closer to learning the truth than before. But Ida went there. They fucking went there.

And that's what makes Ida so special: they go where no one else goes, where you never even thought a person could go. Practically every time Ida says anything, we (Jay and Leo) race to our DMs, and the first to arrive sends "DID YOU SEE IDA". The other immediately deletes the identical message they were typing and sends "Y E A H". A conversation only ensues about thirty percent of the time. It's a ritual not of analysis, but of appreciation and love.

We'll miss you so much, Ida. We'll miss your surprise pockets full of Gushers. We'll miss your baffling, out of nowhere contributions to conversations. We'll miss your singular, unmistakable vibes and your eternal obliviousness of them. We'll miss bumping into you in the least and most expected of places. We'll miss your flawless Shrek impression. We'll miss talking with you late into the night, learning about each other's lives or the names of 16 popular American beans. We'll miss trying to explain to you why you are the funniest person we know.

As much as we know we'll miss you, we also know that we'll never let you out of our virtual sights. We'll stay in frequent touch, and hopefully you'll be able to live close enough to campus that we can see you in fleshspace regularly. Whatever the future may bring, we believe—no, we know—that one day, we will walk into The Omen Office and find you sleeping there again.

Love,
Jay and Leo

P.S. Thank you, Nicholas and Casper, for all your help this semester. It's a wonder either of us are functioning at all these days, and you both have contributed immeasurably to that wonder. 🐑

SECTION SPEAK

Another Article About Ableism

By Alix Ziaja

I am disabled. I have been, both physically and mentally, for most of my life although I have only become comfortable using the word to describe myself within the last few years. This was mainly because none of my disabilities are visible or require mobility devices and I was not diagnosed with anything until later in life, both of which factor into the ways ableism does and does not affect me in my everyday life. At this point, if you've been keeping up with recent Omen happenings, you probably know why I'm disclosing this aspect of my personal life. Originally, I was not planning on writing anything because confrontation makes me very anxious but after the editorial in the last Omen edition and talking to other students and reading their posts on the controversial article that was published a few weeks ago by Nicholas, I feel like what I have to say is at the very least a different perspective.

I am going to preface this by saying that I will not be arguing whether or not Nicholas's article was ableist. It was. And I believe that Shanti in the previous edition did a very efficient job at summing up why it was. I also consider myself friends with Leo and Jay, the editors of the Omen, and think they are generally smart, creative, and cool people and I want them to know that when I criticize the editorial it is their actions and the way the Omen functions on principle that I am taking issue with and not them as people. If either of you would like to have further conversation outside of these printed pages, I am open to doing so. I also know Nicholas and while I would not consider them a friend per se, I have spent enough time with them to believe that their article was not written with malicious intent, however, it did come across as malicious to me and other readers and I do believe that impact is more important than intent. My final note before getting to the juicy bits of this article is that all the experiences of disability that I speak on are my own and I do not claim any of them to be universal, as disability is not universal.

I think that Nicholas wanted to discuss how disability is nuanced, especially when they talked about their issue with the idea that "you're either disabled or you aren't", but I think that they themselves ended up being reductive of disabled people when they talk about the lack of a disabled community. The spectrum of disability is big, so big in fact that if you want to google "how many people in America are disabled?" you would get a number between 12% and 25% because different people define disability differently. And within that population there are so many ways in which people can be disabled and the ways in which it affects their lives. There is an imperfect saying that goes "if you've met one person with autism, you've met one person with autism" and I think that is applicable to pretty much any disabled individual. As Alum Shannon Barsley said in her piece in the last Omen issue "There will never be one ideology, one theory, one banner, or one anything for disability. It's not a community, it's innumerable different communities in a trenchcoat and those communities, and the diversity of people within them, have many different problems, priorities, and needs, even if they overlap. There is no one disability experience, there are billions. Disability is not a monolith. It never will be." Because there are so many disabled people with individual experiences, disability and accessibility should be part of the

curriculum in most classes, including sound design. I do not particularly understand why Nicholas was so frustrated with the instructor adding on a week long unit about sound and disability, not only is that still a fairly short amount of time but it is relevant information. I am also confused because as stated earlier, Nicholas seemed to want to give a nuanced look at disability, and while their own experience with disability is valid, so is the experience of the other disabled students in that class who wanted to have this topic discussed. And, in general, when a group of people who have had experiences different than yours say “the things you are saying about curing disabilities is ableist and eugenics” it is usually a bad idea to double down on the thing you were saying and then sharing it two years later in an open forum. Also, it does not matter whether or not you are disabled, eugenics is bad (this is a statement I never thought I’d have to say but here we are) and if you advocate for it, regardless of if you realize it or not, people who are affected are allowed to respond and if they say things that make you uncomfortable in the process that’s something you need to work through yourself. That is a hard thing to hear and I fully predict people will disagree with the way I am wording this but quite frankly, the conversation about the possibility of having “productive” conversation or civil discourse around this article was thrown out the window when its last few lines were published. “The Omen has historically been a place for hate and controversy, so here’s where I’ll put my apparently controversial feelings about disability and the experiences that have led me to hate some of the people here in one interaction. If you’re reading this and you also believe that treatments that can allow someone to live without a disability are immoral, I probably also hate you.” The Omen’s calls for civil discussion after such a statement is tone deaf at best. I don’t know about you but when someone says that they are willfully spreading hate towards people like me and who share my ideals, my first instinct is rarely “alright well let’s constructively discuss why you hate me over coffee sometime.” More often than not I would respond with an “Alright, well fuck you too I suppose” and then we would go our separate ways and not interact anymore. Unfortunately Hampshire is a small community and burning bridges is typically unwise in such a place. These lines in particular stung me more than any other. The idea that someone could write that, reread it, and then believe that it was an appropriate thing to publish is extremely frustrating and disheartening. In fact that’s how I felt about the whole piece. Nicholas conceded in the article that they could go to a CoSAA meeting and talk to a group of people with a range of experiences and that could have been a space to have some of their questions answered and given them an opportunity to present their concerns more thoughtfully or when they were confused about the need for there to be a disability community, they could have done some basic google searches into the history of disability justice but instead they wrote to the Omen.

This is not the first time that the Omen has published something harmful as its very premise is its willingness to publish anything someone will put their name on. Most often this practice leads to some interesting/borderline funny articles and memes but if it is also able to repeatedly let harmful things like this through then something about it has to change. I do not know what the solution here is and I don’t believe the answer will be easy or straight forward. I was able to talk to Jay after submitting an original copy of this article which had an ending where I misdirected my anger and frustration into pessimism about whether the Omen could change its policies in circumstances like these. During that conversation I suggested the possibility of holding off on publishing potentially hateful or ignorant pieces for two weeks after they are submitted to allow the author a chance to come back to the piece when emotions may not be as high and their actions have been more carefully thought through. I don’t believe that this is a perfect solution or even necessarily the “right” answer, so I encourage others who are frustrated and envision a different policy for the Omen to share it either publicly or just to the Omen editors. The Omen is a community effort and it will take communal accountability to ensure that it develops and upholds a further positive role. 🙏

Excerpts from the Guardian Reports

By Juliana Saxe and Ida Kao

From Juliana Saxe:

The FundCom Officers have, to put it lightly, been treated unfairly this semester. We have reported concerning behaviors time and time again only to be gaslit and lied to - that we have not reported anything. What we have reported is not believed by staff and will not be believed. By making these reports public and accessible to everyone it can never be claimed that we didn't report it, that we haven't done enough. If you ask why we don't simply file everything and trust the system - we have been both reporting and experiencing these issues for the entire 2021-2022 academic school year. We have given a year of grace and trust and we have nothing for it. President Ed Wingenbach once promised to speak to some of the students at hand and discuss why this behavior was unacceptable - this never happened. I have no trust in the system and quite frankly why would I. President Ed has said that how I have been treated is not okay that I have faced harassment and been bullied. Yet despite these admissions he claims he cannot help. He is the President of an 'anti-racist institution' yet when a student reports a series of continuous microaggressions, all he can say is "well nothing has been officially filed". He cannot claim helplessness. I will not let people forget what has happened to us.

Excerpted and consolidated from reports filed by both Juliana and Ida:

Fall 2021

Sierra, Juliana, and Ida have had to interact many times due to the fact that Sierra is a signer and Juliana is the FundCom Director and Ida is the FundCom Financial Director. During the few times Sierra has been willing to fulfill their duties as a signer and come to FundCom meetings to discuss their request they consistently create a hostile work environment often to the point where it interrupts the meeting. On several occasions, Sierra Karas and Daniela Werlin-Martinez would have side conversations so loud that Juliana would have to repeat herself multiple times in order to be heard, and Ida would need to physically walk over to the other side of the room since they were too far away to hear with all the background noise. They would often refuse to fulfill their responsibilities as a signer, and ask for their groups to receive special treatment. They have also on several occasions either outright lied to other students about how FundCom interacts with their student group, The Portfolio. This is an example of Sierra Karas running an active disinformation campaign against FundCom, specifically after not receiving 100% of the funding they asked for despite not consulting anyone with any relevant experience before or after putting their requests in. Sierra also did not seek out any help filling out requests despite multiple times when help and resources were offered to them. Their claims are not based in reality and upon further scrutiny they would not stand up. Despite repeatedly talking to staff they have never improved their behavior and a direct result of their disinformation campaign against FundCom is that Juliana and Ida cannot exist on this campus. When their behavior was described to President Ed, he characterized it as bullying and harassment.

Tuesday, October 19

Juliana, the FundCom Director, was trying to explain why the funding request from The Yurt to print 430 copies of the Yurt Weekly was too many copies, and unprompted, Olivia remarked that she only read some of The Omen but not all of it and ended up putting it in the recycling. Then Juliana

pointed out that if Omens get recycled and we print only 150 (we actually only printed 100 at the time) then that suggests printing 430 Yurt Weeklys is way too much. FundCom decided upon printing 210 copies. Voting members are expected to abstain when voting on funding requests for their own student groups, and Olivia was a voting member at that time. Ida noticed that Olivia was voting in affirmation and without specifically noting that it was Olivia, she reminded everyone of this rule. Then Olivia claimed that she voted on funding requests for The Omen, which is not true and it is noted in FundCom meeting minutes when every voting member, including myself, abstains. The tone of voice of both of these exchanges and the very pointed nature of the latter comment, especially since there was another voting member who signed for The Omen at the time, suggests that both of these comments were specifically meant to target Ida. That same meeting, we were motioning to vote on a request she had put in for The Omen, the group she was a signer for at the time. She had rounded up by \$6, and sarcastically mentioned that it was too much. Juliana then joked that she was being very fast and loose with the SAF, and then she joked that she should be impeached, since keeping things lighthearted is important for making newcomers feel welcome. Then, Olivia motioned to vote, and another voting member seconded. Olivia then said that she was motioning to impeach Ida while laughing; no one else was laughing, and the voting member who second said that she was retracting her second. Juliana informed Olivia that this was not the proper procedure for impeachment and we continued to look at funding requests.

November 11

The Portfolio was requesting funds to purchase supplies for the student group. However, after putting in the initial request, the FundCom officers and voting members had many questions and the signers refused to respond to our questions or meet our request for them to come in and discuss their request. Due to this, FundCom's voting members felt it was inappropriate to vote on their request until they could get the information that they were asking for. While waiting, Tammy Parks, FundCom's Financial Advisor, on November 11, 2021 gave a Purchase Order to the signers behind FundCom's back - and forced FundCom to vote on it retroactively, which is against FundCom's bylaws. When asked why this was done as she does not have that authority, she told us that their request was reasonable and she understood it. Carolyn Strycharz agreed with this line of thinking. Tammy Parks did not have the authority to do that. This was an abuse of power, as the rules exist to protect students from staff. Using one's leverage as a long standing staff member who understands the system to force students to neglect their responsibilities to the student body and the governing document of their organization is unacceptable and unethical.

January 26th

Ed mentioned to Juliana that HCSU would be attending her office hours on Friday to show her their timecards. After she voiced her confusion about why that would be happening, Ed explained that he believed that she could approve their stipends out of the SAF. After explaining in explicit detail why she didn't have the power to do that, the required steps for getting money and what would need to happen before the process started, and then the process that would need to happen for such funds to be taken out of the SAF. She had assumed that Ed would pass this information to HCSU, however that Friday, HCSU showed up to her office hours and they did not receive this information from Ed. Ed either should have told the HCSU himself or ensured that another staff person told them. Ed needs to learn more about FundCom and the SAF and the scope and capabilities of both.

Sunday, March 6

Juliana attended a Portfolio meeting in Kern 108. She then proceeded to sit down and relax. She

was then asked if she wanted to collage next to Jackie, who offered to specifically bring over collaging materials. She thanked them for the offer but stated that she was just there to sit down. Sierra asked her again if she would like to write about something on campus or collage and she reiterated her desire to simply relax in public. Sierra accepted her response and then Daniela said “I really want to push back on that. We’re all really intentionally here and if you don’t want to collage you need to leave”. With all the Portfolio members looking at her she took her coat and left.

Monday, March 7

Sasha Benson stood up during an HCSU meeting to discuss the Omen article that Juliana and Ida had published on Feb 14. However, she had named only Juliana as the author of the article, who was not present, and then physically turned her body around to look at Ida as she said the name “Juliana”. This suggests that Sasha believed that Ida was Juliana.

This comes as part of a larger pattern in which this friend group, which includes Sasha, their partner Daniela, and numerous other students, most of whom are white, mistaking Juliana and Ida and calling one of us by the others’ name. Ida felt this was inappropriate because Juliana and her are both Asian, but do not look anything alike. This confusion was caused by racism and the inability to distinguish the two of us from the other.

Thursday, March 10th

Daniela along with the other Portfolio Signers told Carolyn Strycharz and Tammy Parks that they had made a mistake kicking Juliana out. Carolyn informed us of what the Portfolio signers had said on March 14th.

Friday, March 11th

Juliana virtually attended an HCSU meeting. During this meeting it was brought up that a student was asked to leave. At this point Sasha Benson then asked the room if we were discussing Juliana, specifically naming her to a roomful of students. Daniela confirmed Sasha’s question. Then Sasha raises her hand again and states that she believes that this was an ‘inappropriate space’ for this conversation and asked for Juliana to move it elsewhere. Not only did Sasha create an environment for people to lie about Juliana, she (Sasha) then told her (Juliana), as the party whose reputation had been hurt, to drop the topic. At this point, Sierra spoke up and said that Juliana had left of her own accord, and Daniela agreed with them. When she asked why this was stated because it wasn’t true, it was confirmed by Sierra that they believed it was “an inappropriate place to bring it up” and that “we should open a circle”. She discussed it with Sierra in the moment and was told that it was inappropriate for her to state that what Sierra was saying wasn’t true and that it was harmful to her reputation. Sierra was not required to name anyone nor were they asked to lie in public. When it was pointed out that they were lying by the student they were lying about, they insisted that it was wrong of that student to try and get the record fixed.

Late March

During a FundCom meeting, which Olivia attended on Zoom, Juliana asked them to enter the waiting room. Olivia then said “No problem, Ida!”. Juliana was physically close to the computer and off screen, whereas Ida was halfway across the room projecting her computer screen onto the wall of the FundCom office. Ida was visible on the Zoom, and you could clearly see that she was not talking. She also sounds very different from Juliana. It was interpreted as Olivia believing that Juliana was Ida, and vice versa.

This feels especially concerning coming from a student who is currently holding a work study position to help with the Liberate Hampshire College from Racism committee, and who wrote in an Intranet/Daily Digest post that “Racism on campus is causing Active harm. Intervetion [sic] and structural change is Urgently needed. It is the responsibility of every member of the college to participate in the Honest practice of Anti-Racism, to commit not just to ideals but to eachother [sic].”

Sunday, March 27th

Juliana attended a Portfolio meeting, where they had ordered meeting food. She was clearing everyone’s plates, and before she cleared Olivia’s plate she asked them if they were done with their plate. They said yes and as she was clearing they said “Juliana, taking things away from everyone like always”. It felt needlessly cruel, they had already stated that they were okay with Juliana clearing their plate. This comment is part of a much larger pattern of dehumanization of not only Juliana but Ida.

March 28th

On March 22nd, FundCom’s voting members pended a request to ask a signer to come in to answer questions about a possible safety issue and that request was then approved on March 24th. On March 28th was the weekly check in with Carolyn Strycharz, and Carolyn said ““That was an overreach ... you need to ensure that FundCom does not function that way in the future”. She said this pointing at Juliana, that she had done something wrong and that she needed to ensure that FundCom does not operate this way moving forward. When she replied that she was worried about a safety issue Carolyn responded that she wouldn’t have been liable. Carolyn believed that this was an okay way to discuss the issue with Juliana - she had said that she didn’t believe she had done anything wrong. Other staff members expressed concern about the framing, the tone and the comment about legal liability. Juliana does not believe that was an appropriate response because she nor any FundCom Officer were informed that it would have been an overreach and as she stated earlier we did not do anything wrong. We made the best decision with the information we had been told. An appropriate response would have been to let us know that staff do safety checks with students before this request came up - and to have simply informed us what should have happened and what systems are set up for this - not to tell someone they did something wrong. Especially since Carolyn, who is our advisor, did not tell us about this prior.

Friday, April 1

During an Open Forum of the Hampshire College Student Union, Juliana had joined over Zoom; her camera was off and her name was visible, and Ida was present in person, across the table from Aviva Pusey. During the meeting, Aviva said “What do you think about that Ida– she mean Juliana.” Ida could see that Aviva was leaning down to look at the computer screen, not facing them.

Wednesday, April 6

Ida comes to Dean Waite’s drop in hour to discuss the Student Union, and Dean Waite insists that she and President Ed Wingenbach can’t do anything to hold HCSU or else the two of them would “be crucified.”

Friday, April 8th

Ida and Juliana had gotten an email on March 2nd from Will Syldor-Severino about being called in the Restorative Justice process with the four students who were active representatives on the Hampshire College Student Union, which then grew to include Jess Jimenez. After 2 or 3 (double check numbers) preparatory meetings that ended up with us requesting that Daniela Werlin-Martinez and

Olivia Booth, two members of The Portfolio who had heavy involvement in the conflict, to be included. That process stretched to the point that the first pre-circle we were supposed to have was scheduled for March 30th, and she was told that day the circle would be happening the next week to two weeks from that date. The FundCom strike was announced Friday morning, and we received an email from Will notifying us about the restorative justice process with phrases like “To send out what you did, in effect ends that process as it existed,” and “At this point things are out of my hands”. The FundCom officers believed that this meant that the restorative justice process had ended both without an end result or any steps on how to move forward. Four business days later Juliana ran into Will by the Enfield Mods and asked if the restorative justice process was over. He responded that no - it just would have to drastically change and that many conversations were happening with faculty and staff behind the scenes. He then had an idea for a possible circle - but we were both rushing and could not finish the situation. It is not an unreasonable assumption that our Restorative Justice case was closed after reading the phrases “To send out what you did, in effect ends that process as it existed,” and “At this point things are out of my hands”. Even though the process did not end, a follow up email specifying it did not end took over a week to be sent out, and Juliana thinks the initial email should have used explicit language that this process was not over. What should have happened was a follow up email with explicit language about how specifically the process will change and what is now required of us or explicit language about why the process has ended and what our next options were. To be told that our strike inspired “a lot of conversations behind the scenes” in a passing conversation, leaves Juliana and Ida with far more questions than answers. As the current head of Restorative Justice, it was irresponsible to leave us in the dark for that long. To make this very explicit, Juliana is not and never would imply or state that she is personally upset with Will or that she wishes this results in any action from the school regarding his willful employment. Another part besides the emphasis on explicit language and communication is to hire Will assistance in the form of full time staff working here. It is an unreasonable burden on Will himself to solve every single crisis on this campus without proper and official support and help. she believe this incident happened because Will is spread so thinly across campus and he needs to have more staff hired to help him.

April 11th

Before an HCSU meeting President Ed checked in with a white student to ensure that they were not being overworked as a result of their DIV work and their work as a student worker. Before the meeting ended Juliana pointed out to Ed that he never asked the FundCom officers if they were being overworked - despite her consistent communications with him throughout the semester. Juliana said to pay attention to which students get asked if they are being overworked and which weren't - and asked why that student was being asked and not the FundCom officers. Ed stammered out that “he asks this question of everyone” and then left the room. It is clear that President Ed is not treating all students the same - and that he is not aware of this fact.

April 20th

During President Ed's office hours on April 20th, Juliana dropped in to discuss the FundCom strike. During this conversation she brought up some instances of repeated microaggressions against the FundCom officers have faced at the hands of other students and President Ed responded by remarking that nothing had been officially filed with the school. When Juliana asked how to file one and mentioned the formal Grievance process, he responded that she could email Professor Amy Jordan. That is not how you officially file with the school but as the President of an 'anti-racist' institution he should know better about such topics. One does not have to 'officially file' when it comes to matters of racial discrimination,

on top of the fact that she has repeatedly reported a pattern of racial discrimination not only to him - but to at the very least eight staff below him.

As FundCom Director, Juliana has had weekly meetings during both semesters of the school year with Carolyn Strycharz, and had repeatedly informed her about both the harassment and the mistreatment she was facing at the hands of other students. Despite constant requests for help and support while dealing with these issues Carolyn did not help, offer assistance or support and would consistently respond with “You know in your heart you’re doing the right thing.” Carolyn Strchyzartz repeated that she believes that this an appropriate response - however everyone else I’ve discussed agrees that “you know in your heart you’re doing the right thing” is not a complete or comprehensive response to mistreatment and harassment. She did not believe that was an appropriate response because it did not in any way address or advise Juliana on how to address or manage how the treatment by other students was affecting her. All that she was told was essentially that she just had to know that it was unfounded. In fact Carolyn’s response was to instruct Juliana to run more events and do more outreach in addition to her responsibilities of running FundCom and had no advice, help, or support when she was struggling to manage signers. This is an inappropriate response because Carolyn is FundCom’s advisor. Not only did she not offer any help or support - the advice that was given was deeply entrenched in the logic that this was Juliana’s fault and that if she just worked harder and communicated more she would not be struggling with this. There should be structural changes like setting up systems to discuss with signers how to interact with FundCom, and not having that burden to be on students (who are peers), after passing signer training as well as ensuring that all staff and faculty are fully informed about FundCom and receiving SAF money. She also would have liked an understanding about the amount of time and energy that it takes to plan, host, and publicize events and outreach programs - especially on top of all the other responsibilities that go into running FundCom. 🙄

The Gourmet Bean Shop: A Pair of Dreams

By Anaïs Grace

9/13/18

I'm in a building with a theme of shiny metal and red. There are two other customers inside, two women. The lady at the front tells me this is a gourmet bean shop, and that they have many different flavors of beans. Large cans of beans the size of paint cans line the walls on shelves, and I go around and look at the beans. This is treated almost like a museum, and they even have a glass information plaque on the wall, like in a museum. There is a large room to the left of the entrance, and it has some exercise equipment in it. A slightly jumpy man comes from a small room on the right in the side room and explains to me that they have exercise equipment that customers can use for free. I walk into the room.

9/14/18

I start off in a fancy, expensive hotel room, then I move into the hallway, which has a staircase and elevator to the left, and a wall to the right. The main colors were gold and white, and if there was a wall with no color, it was glass. There was a solo Christmas caroller in the hallway who had just come up the stairs and was now walking towards our door. He was a talented singer, and was singing "We Wish You a Merry Christmas". It was just him, me, and a stranger in the hallway, and the place was empty except for the occasional person walking up the stairs. The stranger and I decided to join this caroller in singing and sang with him until the end of the song. The stranger turns into my brother Connor, and a strange girl runs up the steps. She bears a resemblance to a girl named Emily who moved away after being in my class in second grade, except her hair is very long, in two ponytails, and she has bangs. The three of us run through the hotel together and leave by running through a large, grand hallway. The whole hotel, including the outside, has the same color scheme as before. We leave the hotel and run onto the road it's on, which is quiet, and there are no people outside. Most of the buildings around it look abandoned or mistreated, and across the road from the hotel are many parking garages, large ones with no light inside that stretch back into the darkness and reach up into the sky. We cross the street to the side with the parking garages, and take a right, walking down the street. It's poorly lit, and there are only abandoned lots and small buildings that are probably auto shops, far back from the road. We're walking on the sidewalk, and it's getting darker because my eyes are closed and I don't open them. But I do eventually, after walking up and down a useless set of stairs, identical to the ones at my high school. I turn to the road, and a single red pickup truck drives past us, coming from the direction we are walking, even though the end of the road is visible and it had nowhere to come from. We keep walking until we get to the place we wanted to get to, a gourmet bean shop. It's the most lively thing around, even though there are only two or three people inside, two of the people are customers, two women. The outside and inside are lit well, and the exterior walls are made of shiny metal that's lined with red, and it looks like a diner. We go inside, and the inside colors are the same as the outside. The walls are lined with large cans of beans, each can having a different flavor. Connor is gone, either looking at the beans, or left, and so it's just me and the strange girl. The bean shop now also makes pizza, after realizing that the free-to-use exercise room was a bad idea, but the exercise equipment is still there in the other room. The girl and I go to a counter and start making pizza for ourselves, but only get as far as making the dough. 🐑

A pickle of the knowing ones - 1

By Sean Song

Despite the title being stolen from the nonsensical autobiography of Timothy Dexter, it is the most nonsensical title that I could think of and to it would stroke the dead ego of said author. However, a pickle of the knowing ones is a series of tips and facts from yours truly, regardless of usefulness.

Tip 1: you can convert your meal swipes into meal tokens.

If you have a gambling problem or have too many meal swipes to deal with, then this tip is for you. When you go to dining commons and ask if you can convert your meal swipes into meal swipe tokens, they will give poker chips with the Hampshire logo on them. This is the perfect gift for a friend or family member.

Fact: 1: Did you know writers romanticize illnesses and it sucks?

You might nod your head and say, “Well yeah, They do that with depression.”

But I am talking about tuberculosis. It is the slow disease that slowly kills you, causing you to grow weaker, cough up blood into your white hanker chief, and lies in your bed and tells your family you love them. ya know the Victorian’s romantic illness compare to our depression. To be honest, It sucks to have depression and it would even suck to have someone write about your illness. Like, you are on your death bed. Your aunt comes in after watching the play Les Miserables and she said “Oh I wish, I had your illness cause it is so romantic.” And you, slowly dying from your incurable illness, look at your aunt, hold out your decreased hand, and tell her to fuck off before you died in front of them. So, overall, don’t idolize suffering. It sucks for all and you shouldn’t be jealous of people who are suffering. Help them if you can and try to be nice to everyone.

Anywho that is the fact and tip of this issue. Hope I can continue this after I parse through my mind. 🐼

i am cringe but i am free

By Leo Zhang

Akiara was as close to a saint as Karasuno was probably ever going to get. It was nearly comical how far he would go to do things for others, as if he were a caricature collective of all things good and nice. He offered to tutor his peers if they were struggling; he brought secrets to the grave; he would plan for his friends' birthdays months in advance so he had time to make them a handmade, heartfelt gift. He kissed his teammates' injuries to help them heal faster. He was a shining beacon for those who were lost, because he never seemed to stumble, always striding forward no matter what befell him.

It was basically a miracle that Akiara was as kind as he was, given his ability to wield immense amounts of power. His peers were lucky he didn't make power trips a habit; his teammates were lucky he was on their side, and that they would never have to be the ones meeting his icy stare through the mesh of the net. Not when it counted, at least. *Everyone* was lucky that he only played volleyball, and wasn't a vigilante or anything—all his power could be funneled into a gymnasium instead of released across the city.

He wasn't tall for volleyball standards, nor were his attacks much to write home about. He wasn't particularly muscly and his eyes were too soft for his face to be a scary one. He didn't look powerful at all. That was probably the scariest part. He was as unassuming as any eighteen-year-old boy could be, or perhaps more. Everyone knew he was soft-hearted and kind to a fault, always prioritizing others before himself and greeting everyone with a smile even if they had just been insulting him to his face. Yet as soon as his foot stepped within the lines of the court, every person in the vicinity always got the unshakable feeling that he had just made the entire court his own. He carried himself like a king (and he might as well have been), shoulders back and nose tipped up, walking slowly because he knew no one would be able to tell *him* to hurry it up, so why rush? Absolutely solid in his confidence.

(*'The game hasn't ended yet,'* he would say with a grin, *'so what's the point in mourning our loss? It's not like we'll let them win, right?'*)

His playing wasn't anything special, not really. His serves were normal, his spikes were good, his jumps were average and he could receive the ball just fine. He—and the rest of Karasuno—used this averageness to his advantage. It was his weapon. It was a veil obscuring his figure, so when he suddenly snapped and became a beast of the game, none of his adversaries would know what to do. And how could they? To anyone who didn't know Akiara well, it was impossible to expect that he would flip a switch and turn into a demon. It was impossible to expect him to be capable of any kind of rage, much less to be able to bottle it all up and let it all out in such a controlled, skillful manner. He became angry, bloodthirsty, almost, but never lost control of himself. In fact, it was as if he had three times as much control over not only his own body, but the air around him, and the way the ball moved. It was like he spent so much time doing good that the atmosphere itself bent to his will, as a reward for doing good. His frustration and subsequent catharsis didn't manifest itself as pure speed or power—it was the way he functioned, and how all his senses heightened, and how he was able to come up with plans on the spot, and how he knew when to be patient. His eyes would catch every minuscule movement, on either side of the net. His ears would catch the tiny differences in tone in the squeaks of the players' shoes against the floor, and his mind would take all that information and place everyone on a 3D mental map. For a few minutes, Akiara would function at 250%. They called him the Smiling Demon.

Because it wasn't just his physical performance that would change in these modes; it was also his attitude, and the silent words that danced at the corners of his lips. The normally-placid Akiara would tease and smirk at his rivals, shoulder-to-shoulder with Tsukishima as they taunted the players

across the volleyball net. While Tsukishima's side of it was less serious, more intent on just riling them up, Akiara carried a kind of dark heaviness about him, adding an inexplicably menacing tone to his words. If Karasuno managed to win before he could get all his energy out, he would sometimes narrow his eyes at his fallen opponents, murmuring to himself how it was a shame he couldn't break them a little more. And he rarely ever stopped smiling. At first, it was a smile of enjoyment of the game, but as he got angrier and more frustrated that smile would eventually fall. Only for a moment. It would come back again, but venomous this time, and it wouldn't waver. It was no wonder, then, that his teammates would freeze every time he was called out to play, wide eyes following his every step. They knew they would see that side of him again, and be reminded of what exactly he was capable of.

It was to be expected. He was one of The Royals, after all—not true royalty, but rather associated with a specific group of people that had a specific kind of reputation. It wasn't an official group or organization of any sort, but people all across the nation knew the colloquial name. The Royals were all talented, skilled past what was expected of them, and capable of far-end extremes should they be pushed enough. They were impeccably charismatic, and somehow, they all had blue eyes. (Almost all, at least—the only two exceptions were siblings, and only exceptions because their abilities affected their eyes.)

Perhaps the most important characteristic of a Royal, however, was that they were shaped by misfortune. Not only shaped by it, but stuck in it, in ways that were often not noticeable at first glance. Well, a lot of people experience misfortune, so how could you tell who's a Royal and who's not? That was the point—you couldn't, not from the presence of misfortune alone. You had to consider everything; the talents, the charisma, the blue eyes, the misfortune. And on top of that, you had to have this gut feeling that something about them just seemed... off.

They were all just a little bit wrong.

[this piece has been cut short due to leo's intense migraine]

Semi-retired prof lives near Hampshire and seeks a dog walker.

By David Kelly

Semi-retired prof lives near Hampshire and seeks a dog walker. Flexible hours could also include dog sitting, light housework, and light yard work. Please email dkelly@hampshire.edu or leave a message at (413) 320-8332 to set up a meeting.



SECTION LIES

An Uncovered Lost Article from the Nemo

Recently, it has been revealed that the Nemo and all of the Nemo staff have, unfortunately, fallen into a large hole. In honor of Michael Zimm's legacy, I have submitted the one article we have managed to salvage from the offices before the "hole incident". The article can be seen below.

Your Money is Going to be Eaten

Wayne Slaughter

Opinion writer and Known Biter

Hello friends and business associates, it is me again. You might remember my work from other publications that do not exist. Well, now I am writing to the Nemo, the only publication on campus, about a very serious and urgent matter to affect our campus, student body, and national budget. This matter is so urgent that I have obtained a napkin from the Dining Commons, and am writing on it. Unfortunately this means you will not be able to absorb the masculine power that witnessing my face would grant you, but sacrifices must be made in the name of politics.

It has come to my attention that many people are misinformed about the purpose of funding in this complex. Many folks believe, naïvely, that the purpose of money here is to fund classes, building facilities, toiletries, student groups, and sustenance for the students, faculty, staff, and congressmen. This is an understandable, yet misambiguated, conclusion to draw from the knowledge most participants of Hampshire have. Unfortunately this is not an art class and there will be no drawing here.

There is one being who our dollars will be providing sustenance to, and he has not yet

been born into this plane of existence. He desires sheets of 25% linen and 75% cotton, dyed green. He wants these small green blankets engraved with the faces of various presidents, as well as a man that does not resemble Lin-Manuel Miranda as much as he should, and of course, our beautiful lightning man himself benny "poor richard almanack" franklin. He desires the electrical signals coursing through the flesh of the beings known as "Venmo", "Pay Pal", and "Googol Pay". He does not accept bitcoing, since his powerful mind has the processing power of at least three GPUs and can mine bitcoins manually with ease. He also has stopped accepting checks ever since he bore witness to the film "Blank Check (1994)", since he is aware of the danger of wacky sets of circumstances causing his funds to fall into the expectant mouth of an 11-year-old child.



Whoops. I appear to have spilled barbecue sauce all over my alarmingly long napkin. Anyway, my point is that when this creature sashays away from the void and into our world, he will crave currency. And his capacity to want money is far deeper and more porous than yours could ever be. As such, ever since 1975, all of this colelge's money has been stored in a large metaphorical gourd known as the "anomalous creature fund". When The One We Wait For emerges from his mancave outside of our known universe, he will voraciously devour the money in this fund as though it were food from anywhere other than the Dining Commons.

Make no mistake, dear Nemo reader, I am not demanding anything from you. He does not require your consent in order to get his metaphorical mouth around those succulent ben franklin portraits. The board of trustees has already put all of the diordinals into motion. I just want to make it obsoletely clear where the money at this college is going. As a successful business man and politics man, there is nothing I value more than transparency and honesty. I want nothing more than to soften tha inevitable backlash when Ed Wingenbach himself puts all of the money in a big pile in front of the Harold F. Johnson Library, and the students watch in horror and atonsihment as all of their money goes flying into the sky. He does not yet exist, but on that day he will, and on that day he will eat all of the money that goes inside his metaphorical gullet. I am telling you, deer reeder, as your trusted running mate, so that when that day comes, you will not look on in shocked bettrayal. Rather, a tear of joy will run down your cheek knowing that He has got the nourishment he needs from our college's funds. 🙈

customer by Nicholas Utakis-Smith



Content Warning: descriptions of injury (burns)

Anarchist's Guide to Monsters (Book One) Draft: The Stray Cat at the Door (Chapter 7, Excerpt)

By Casper Binnett

“Does it... hurt?” Cole asked Roman, who’d sat down on the goodwill sex couch. His burns spread across his chest and shoulder. They weren’t the same vibrant red color as they were before the shower- but they still shown bright and raw against his tanned skin- and the crevices made it look like his skin was torn into holes pooling with magma. Cole stared at them the veins showing, the darkened edges, the blisters, and wished he could look away.

“I mean. Yes.” Roman deadpanned, but the tightness of his eyes and the curl at the corners of his mouth were not lost on Cole. “But there’s not much you can do about that, is there?”

“I have pain meds, I think,” Cole said, pacing about the dorm room nervously, looking for something, *anything* to do with himself as Jake was hunched over his bed and the first aid kit, cutting strips of bandage, actually helping.

Cole squeezed past the couch, to his bedside table. He glanced behind him nervously as he opened the drawer before quickly snatching the bottle. He only had a few pills left. He took four, which is way more than anybody should normally take, but Cole’s pretty sure it’s hard to overdose on Ibuprofen, he can’t exactly leave Roman in as much pain as he looks to be, half-naked and gritting his teeth in pain even sitting still, and full-body, possibly third-degree burns is maybe a tall order for over-the-counter tablets. He grabbed a glass, and the water filter from the fridge, and handed over the pills and water to Roman.

Who popped all four pills in his mouth, and bit down harshly with a snappy *crunch* sound.

“Roman- you’re not supposed to chew those?!”

Roman paused, clearly feeling the bitter medicine in his mouth after he bit, and quickly swung a deep sip from his glass of water to hide that fact. He looked away and cleared his throat. “Just noticed,” he mumbled as his brow furrowed, delayed in reaction. “Thanks.”

“Alright...” Jake mumbled, coming towards Roman with gauze in hand, stepping gracefully over the back of the couch. “I’m gonna need you to hold still, arm up, Cole, get out of the way.”

Cole backed up, giving Jake space to kneel in front of Roman. He was willing to do anything to help the situation, but couldn’t lie that being told to get out of the way hurt.

Cole knew this wasn’t good, for him or for Roman. He was a professional at worrying, and the only way Cole usually kept the impulse to hover at bay were two thoughts. A. Maybe his friends secretly hated him

and he should leave them alone, or B. Realistically his friends were safe, and he didn't want to look stupid.

Cole can tell he's in trouble because his usually unrealistic fears are suddenly seeming *very reasonable*.

Cole eventually sits down, leg tapping furiously as he's torn between closing his eyes like a child, and watching like a hawk. Jake helping Roman bandage his burns gently, Roman looking squarely away from the both of them, as Jake tilted his head to look exactly where he was securing bandages over what looked like bleeding potholes in Roman's flesh. There's a weird little twisting part in Cole's chest that wants to grab bandage scraps from Jake's hands and bandage Roman himself. He wants to take care of Roman, even if he is less qualified. But Cole doing it wouldn't magically make Roman's burns any less horrific. Maybe he's just extremely unhappy with the fact that Roman is injured and the fact that he's just sitting there uselessly.

Roman's eyes are closed, and with the angle of his head, Cole can get a good look at a burn scraping across a huge expanse of his left cheekbone to his ear. It's an angry, furious color and almost glistened wet in the light, an effect that only made Cole feel more sick looking at it. Pus, blood, whatever rose to the surface that made it shine like that...

"Roman, can you at least promise me you'll get some sleep after this?" Cole asks after a while, eyes flicking away from the scene as Roman flinches in pain and Jake apologizes quietly for bumping his skin.

"I need to get some classwork done." He said, speaking with very little movement, and a lot of gritted teeth.

"Oh, no you don't, buddy," Jake grumbled, securing another gauze strip. "You are going home and *immediately* sleeping. Cole or I will chaperone you if that's what it takes."

"I need to get this stuff done." Roman protests, but it's weak and tired.

"Roman, please go to bed when you get back?" Cole asks. "You're hurt, you need to rest."

"Also we could just blackmail you," Jake mumbled, securing the final bit of the gauze on his left shoulder. Roman's face was unreadable.

"Not helpful, Jake." Cole chided, but his attention was fixed on Roman. Who just looked... shocked, maybe?

"Roman... please. If not for you, then for us."

Roman met Cole's eyes, and Cole cringed. Why had he said that? Why would a "then for me?" work on Roman? Cole didn't matter to him that much, right? And yet, in a quick glare, and the set of his jaw Cole could now see something that resembled something like slight resignation.

Roman let out a frustrated growl. "I'll think about it."

"*Thank you,*" Cole said, with as much softness and sincerity as he could manage.

Roman didn't smile, just nodded subtly. And Jake changed sides on the couch to start tending to the burns he hadn't been able to reach before.

It was a few quiet minutes. The occasional involuntary gasp of pain from Roman, met by an apologetic voice from Jake, sounded more steady every time. Cole just kept changing between thinking too hard, staring sadly at the wall, and focusing entirely on Jake and Roman, watching as the bandages slowly covered Roman's body, gently wrapped around the blisters. Every time he seemed to glance over, however, something seemed to be happening.

Roman was starting to lean on Jake a little bit.

Cole thought he was imagining it at first. Roman didn't come across as a physically affectionate person- quite the contrary. But as Jake situated himself right next to Roman on the couch, tearing medical tape and plastering gauze pads to Roman's tattooed back, Roman's unwounded sides and part of his arm were slowly pressing more against Jake's chest.

Jake had clearly noticed, he shot Cole a strange look as he was grabbing more pads from the kit.

By the time Jake had started working his way up to Roman's face? Cole saw why.

Roman was nodding off. The bags under his eyes tugged him down. His eyes kept closing, resting for a moment, before opening again. And then closing again. His head nodded ever so slightly as he did it.

Cole watched, quietly and almost nervous, his breath held. Watching Roman relax as Jake gently pressed a finger down to the tape, securing a pad to cradle his cheek. Roman slowly falling asleep with someone's hand so close-

All Cole could think about was the possibility of holding Roman's face in his own hands, just to see if he'd relax, sag into him in the same way.

Until Roman closed his eyes... and didn't open them. Just as Jake was slowly letting go.

Roman pressed against him and the back of the couch at an awkward angle, that had let Jake bandage him, but now just precarious. He had fallen asleep for sure- his lack of shirt made seeing the slowing of his breath easy.

Cole looked at Jake.

Jake looked back.

They stared at one another for a while, debating what to do.

Before Jake carefully pulled out his cell phone out of his gym shorts with one hand and started typing. Cole pulled out his just as Jake sent the message.

Jake: I'm scared if I move he'll wake up.

Cole huffed an amused little thing.

Cole: I guess this is one way to get him to sleep. Even if your trapped.

Jake: Eh. I'll live.

Suddenly, Jake is shooting Cole a devious little smile.

Cole didn't like that smile. He knew what that smile meant.

Jake: Wonder if maybe ur more comfortable tho.

Cole almost scowled at him, before deciding maybe denial was the play here. Feigning innocence.

Cole: What?

Jake rolled his eyes.

Jake: Oh dont give me that.

Cole: Idk what we're talking about.

Cole typed, and sent, and committed to. He knew he was a good liar- his homelife trained him for that.

Jake: You are literally the most obvious person in the world.

A flaw in that, of course, was that Jake was far more observant of Cole then his mother ever was.

Cole: False.

Jake: You're the most obvious person in the world the second the person you like ISNT around.

Cole: Again, I'm not sure what you're talking about.

"Fine, be that way." Jake whispered aloud. Pouting at him, as he slowly set his phone down. "I think you're just jealous."

"What, that a twiggy piece of burnt firewood isn't trapping me on the infected roadside couch?" Cole snarked back, hushed.

"Yeah." And Jake had that stupidly-smug satisfied look on his face. He was right and he knew it.

"I think maybe you just get way too gossip-hungry when we watch Princess Bride." Cole deflected, but the glint in Jake's eyes didn't go away. Cole's secret was out. 🐑

asmr doctors exam roleplay written version

By Nicholas Utakis-Smith

**whispering voice* hi welcome to your checkup exam, i'll be your doctor today. can you give me your name? *pen scritching sounds* mmmm. and your date of birth? *more pen scritching sounds* alright, to start off, i'm going to listen to your lungs. *puts stethoscope up against camera* alright, breathe in*

breathe out

breathe in

breathe out

alright, sounds good. now i'm going to be checking inside of your mouth. say "aaaaah".

shines light at camera at mouth level

*alright, everything looks good in there, let me just check inside your ears. *moves head out of frame towards right side and then moves back* everything looks good in here, and in your other ear... *moves head out of frame to left side* ok, looks like we've got a bit of blockage in here. *moves head back to center* i'm just going to clean out your ear with this *holds q-tip up* alright, just hold still for a moment *moves towards camera, rubs microphone with q-tip* alright, that should be all better. that will be \$300 copay. 🐼*

A Most Exquisite Corpse

By Helena Du Lac Stackow, Jay Poggi, Nicholas Utakis-Smith,
Ronan Levy, and Sam Mangiafico

It was one hallowed morning when the gods descended from the heavens. "Oh shit," mankind said, "that's not supposed to happen." Yet it did, and there was nothing anybody could do to stop it. Or at least, that was how it seemed. Yet, there was an unlikely source of hope- or perhaps the most likely? Jackus Blackus of the Roman Centurions observed the situation from a distance. "This totally does not rock," he said with his gladius several inches deep within the skull of an angel. Despite the situation not rocking, Jackus decided that he had to make the most of it. He ventured out on a quest to gather the three greatest heroes of all eras- Genghis Khan, Neil Armstrong, and Tom Jones. With their powers combined, one could argue that they would be unstoppable. However, against their own creators? Nobody could say. Not even Johann the speaker, and he usually had a lot to say. "Jackus!" His husband, Nicklaus Kage, called him from a distance. He was holding their several non-binary children and a single dog. "Nicklaus, I must venture to find the pick of destiny." Jackus said. "I thought you did that last week," Nicklaus replied. "Shit, sorry, let me check the script," Jackus responded, before quickly reviewing the plot on Wikipedia. "Right, I must gather the three greatest heroes of mankind before the gods destroy us." Jackus then actually ventured out on his quest, accompanied by the aforementioned dog. The dog had no clue what was going on, but it was happy to be there. Finally, after two hours of searching, Jackus had found Genghis Khan, conqueror of Asia and a little bit more. "Genghis, you must

join my quest to defeat the gods! I am gathering humanity's three greatest heroes, and you are one. Join me!" Jackus requested. "Sure, but I have one request beforehand." Genghis Khan responded,

"Might I try a morsel of your lasagna?"

All noise in the restaurant ceased. Chatting guests shut their mouths. Waitstaff froze midstride. Even the music of the windchimes outside faded and died.

All eyes turned to Garfield.

"Say that again." The cat, if one could even call him that anymore, raised his pointy ears.

Genghis Khan felt clammy. What the hell was going on? Was it really so strange to ask your date for a bite of his meal—

"Strange?" Garfield looked on, no, into him with slitted eyes. "You think your crime was strangeness?"

Khan felt like he was drowning in his own sweat. He searched the room for a way out, for someone who might know how to fix this, but everyone and everything was completely still as if frozen in time.

If the line at CVS was moving slow before, now it definitely wasn't going to get anywhere. They examined as the cashier froze vacantly in place, their fingertips resting on the register, unmoving. All the customers in line in front of them stood completely still, as though they had been replaced by wax statues of themselves. They considered grabbing their items and running, would these still figures make a move to stop them from making off with their precious cargo. But they were a law-abiding citizen to a fault. They could bear the wait, until time resumed and the empty, unmoving statues of people regained what little liveliness they had. They considered just giving up on their items and going home, coming back at a better time.

One that was slightly less likely to result in their deaths. Not that these creatures were guaranteed to kill them. It was hard to tell exactly what they were intending, since all they'd done was circle the group...menacingly? It was hard to read their expressions. They were towering over the group, with claws large enough to crush someone's skull. Since they were so outnumbered, it seemed impossible to escape with all their limbs intact. Even more impossible if they wanted to bring everything with them, and not waste all the work they put into getting here. The creatures got closer, peering down curiously. Wait—was this some kind of fucked up welcome committee?

They all grinned, and I swallowed down my fear, giving them my best attempt at a smile back. If I was gonna spend the next 4 years in this hellhole, I really didn't want to piss off whatever eldritch thing was running the place on day one.


"Well?" They all said at once. "Do you have any questions?" Every single one of them tipped their head to the side at once, the same expression mirrored across all of their faces.

"Nope!" I said with false cheer, despite the fact that I had many questions, and I tried my best not to run away screaming then and there.

"Wonderful!" They said, "It is time for you to join us, then!"

"Wait, no." I tried to back away, but I realized then that I was surrounded. That's when I dropped all pretense of politeness, and I couldn't keep the fear out of my voice. Just what kind of college was this?

"Please!" I begged, but they just advanced on me, my fear only seeming to fuel their incessant smiles, stepping forwards in tandem. They were on me then, all smiles that stretched way too far across their faces.

"We're so glad you decided on Hampshire!" they said, and I screamed. Then everything went black. 

Section Ida

*“WHY WOULD YOU SLAP YOUR
OWN BUTT DURING SEX”*

-IDA KAO

Submitted by Juliana Saxe 

**“Suck it
higher power believers”**

-Ida Kao

Submitted by Nicholas Utakis-Smith 

Jay: “What is ‘yassification?’”

Ida: *“Yass, girl.”*

Jay: “Oohhh”

Submitted by Jay Poggi 🐑

**“TIGHT
RACK,
BRO”
-IDA KAO**

Submitted by Juliana Saxe 🐑



(context provided by Ida Kao)

Is not the pic of the boohbag

That looks suspiciously like a foreskin

boohbah?

Yeah.

–Ida Kao

Submitted by Jay Poggi 🐑

“You’re so *s i c k l y* , Jay.”

–Ida Kao

Submitted by Jay Poggi 🐑



Ida K. (former editor) Today at 11:49 PM



OH wait hould someone be eyes-ing at me?

Am I tabling the turns by doing the eyes emoji



Pierre's Education

By Peter Lampropoulos

Hampshire College

What have been your most meaningful out-of-class learning experiences over the course of your Hampshire career?

Listening to Ida Kao explain Hampshire lore

<<

>>



I'm too powerful

By Ida Kao

A Nasty I of the Storm: Ida Is 12th I Hurricane Name Retired

Meteorologists are retiring the name Ida from the list of Atlantic hurricane names.

By [Associated Press](#) | April 27, 2022, at 4:40 p.m.

Read more at: <https://www.usnews.com/news/us/articles/2022-04-27/a-nasty-i-of-the-storm-ida-is-12th-i-hurricane-name-retired> 

SQUARE!

"oh wow, it's square!

**you don't see a
lot of those"**

-Ida Kao

Submitted by Leo Zhang 

"Don't forget that The Omen TRANSCENDS cringge

And that The Omen *is* THE MAIDEN

WITH THIGH HIGH LEATHER BOOTS

AND A WHIP"

- Ida Kao

Submitted by Jay Poggi 

